

SHRINERS BACK; GET BIG WELCOME

Red Fire Blazes Everywhere as Victors Parade From Station to Temple

ARAB PATROL AND STREET THE HEROES

Thousands Greet Fez Tribe a
Train, and Other Thousands
Cheer on Line of March.
Ceremony and Feast Ex-
pressed Gladness of Stay-
at-Home Squad.

GREETED at the Main Street Station by 100 stay-at-home Shriners and 4,000 enthusiastic citizens, representatives of Acca Temple who attended the Louisville convention were welcomed back home last night with a pomp and ceremony more characteristic of some triumphant victors of blood and strife than of the

tory of blood and strife than a victory of peace. Headed by mounted police and two companies of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues' Battalion, they were escorted, by devious routes up Grace and Franklin Streets, to the Masonic Temple, where they were further greeted with a speech of welcome by Mayor Richardson and a tremendous

Streets Lighted.
It was only a few minutes after the scheduled hour of 9 o'clock that the Arab Patrol left the train at the Chesapeake and Ohio station, and were escorted out to the street by their brethren, the militia and cheering citizens. As a special favor to George L. Street, who had been elected Imperial Potentate of North America, including the United States and Canada

the streets of the line of march were lighted with red and yellow sulphur candles, the light of which flared forth and gave to all of Richmond present a clear view of the delegates who had gone out and covered themselves with glory and brought home greater credit to their town. The parade was a magnificent spectacle. The depot was surrounded by welcoming citizens, and

all along the streets they traversed the Arab Patrol was applauded by other thousands, who contented themselves with remaining in reach of their own doors and extending their welcome. Sulphur candles were placed, several each on every block. They lit up the whole street, and Street was everywhere to be seen, and as often be cheered. He bore his honor with the modesty of a brave man—and, as said, it takes a brave man to be

modest. Had it not been for other whose tongues could not be quieted might not have been generally known that Imperial Potentate Street was the crowd, but everybody had been forewarned, and applauded accordingly.

Patrol Sings.

The two companies of the Blues were lined up at the station to receive

the returning delegation. As soon as they disembarked the Blues Band, which had gone with them on the excursion into Kentucky, struck up martial air, and the small army proceeded out of the station. As they walked down the steps and turned up Main Street, with heads erect and eyes turned toward home, members of the patrol dressed in their costume

mingled Orientalism and modern fashion, began to sing:
"Hall, hall, hall,
The gang's all here,
What the h—ll do we care,
The gang's all here now."
The song was repeated at almost every square, and that it was well received—and understood—was attested by the plaudits it received everywhere.

The parade proceeded up Main Street to Ninth, whence it turned into Grace going as far west as Henry, and then turning down to Franklin. On Franklin the march was up to Jefferson, turning out of Jefferson into Broad Street, and thence going down to the temple. Both streets were packed with men, women and children. Many

of them didn't know, evidently, what it was all about, but they heard the music and turned out. At the time the crowd reached the proportions of a mob, and it required the combined efforts of a squad of policemen to keep people back in order to give the Shriners and their escorts passage way.

Refreshed the Crowd.

Led by the home guard, the delegation entered the temple, followed by their Blues' escort, and went up to the banqueting hall, where refreshments both solid and liquid, were handed out with a liberal hand.

First on the program, however, was a little speech-making. Mayor Richardson was introduced by Potomac Thomas B. McAdams. The Mayor

a vein of light rally, welcomed the Arab Patrol back to its native heat and congratulated the members of their triumphs in Louisville. He said the streets had been "Mcadamized" for their honor, and looked at Potentia McAdams. Everybody caught on to the pun, and the laugh was general. He had prepared his speech in writing so that it might be preserved in the

local Masonic archives, and started to read. His puns came so thick and fast that it was hard to catch on to one before the next one came, and the audience was kept in a continual laugh.

was grateful for the support he received from his Richmond friends. But it was left to Potentate McAdams to make the speech of the evening.

The Speech of the Evening.

Drawing himself up to his full height, bowing profoundly and looking serious, he gazed around the big hall and noticed the apparent need of liquidation. Then he said, "Let's all go upstairs, where we've got a little

greeted this laconic speech, and there was an immediate break for the staid way. In the banqueting hall there was a lavish spread of everything needful for a fitting climax to the victory achieved by the returned Richmonders and for a while there was a hush of